

Homebound

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Summary: Jack wakes up on a train with no memory of how he got there. He would have been perfectly content letting it take him to its destination, if not for the fact that the one he loves isn't there with him. Chrono Crusade AU. Hijack.

Homebound

****Author's Note****: This idea is based on a scene in the last volume of the Chrono Crusade manga. I can't say I know the storyline very well, so I'm changing a few things here. Still, I thought it'd be pretty cool to Hijack it :)

****Disclaimer****: I do not own Rise of the Guardians or How to Train Your Dragon.

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><p>Homebound

There is a train.

Jack leans his head against the window, feeling the chill from the cool glass seeping through his skin. His blue eyes gaze outside to see fields of thick snow passing by in a blur. The winter sky is dark with night, but the train's lights, though somewhat dim, glow warmly and bring him comfort. There are five other nameless strangers in the compartment with him, but he pays them no heed.

He feels calm for some reason, as though he can just sit there and watch the world go by. Normally he would be full of energy and bouncing off the walls, perhaps chatting and making friends with the other passengers around him, but now he's just... tired.

A train that takes people home.

The compartment door slides open and a uniformed man steps in, asking for their tickets. It suddenly occurs to Jack that he has no recollection of even boarding the train in the first place, let alone where his ticket or destination is. Panicking, he rummages through his pockets for a clue as to how he got there, only for his fingers to pull out a lone photograph from the left back pocket of his brown pants.

"Ticket please," the conductor says as he makes his way over to him.

"I - I don't have one," Jack stammers, half-expecting to be thrown out.

But the conductor smiles and gestures at the photograph in his hands. "The price of boarding this train is your life," he explains patiently. "So tell me, what kind of life did you lead?"

To the place where their souls can rest.

Jack looks down and sees four people in the photograph. He is one of them, right in the center, a simple farm boy holding a shepherd's crook. Rapunzel, the good witch, hugging his right arm while grinning brightly at the camera. Merida, the archer princess, sitting on his shoulders and smirking down at him with her arms resting on his head. And finally Hiccup, his demon partner, standing to his left with a fond and lopsided smile at their antics.

"I was searching for my sister," he recounts with a wistful sigh, memories of his adventures flooding his mind. "She was kidnapped by demons, and I left home to bring her back. I made many friends and got the chance to see the world during my journey. It was rough, but I managed to find her in the end, so it was all worth it."

"Sounds like you've worked really hard," the conductor comments, giving him a sympathetic pat on the shoulder before preparing to take his leave. "You'll like where you're going, I can promise you that. Enjoy the rest of the ride."

But not all hearts find peace there.

"Are you truly satisfied?"

Jack turns away from the window and looks at the woman sitting across from him. Her face is hidden under the furry hood of the thick winter cloak around her shoulders, and he raises a questioning brow at her.

"Of course I am," he replies easily. "I never stopped looking for my sister. I searched all over the world for three years, but I was able to rescue her from the demons."

"Stop lying to yourself."

Indignation flares within him and he stands up furiously, offended by the stranger's accusations. "How can you say that? You don't even know me! I tried my hardest to find her, and I did it! I saved her!"

None of the other passengers react to his outburst, as though there

is only the two of them in the compartment. But the woman remains unfazed in the face of his anger. "If that's the case," she whispers, "then why do you keep looking out the window?"

Jack's eyes widen.

A shadow flickers at the corner of his vision and he catches a brief glimpse of a dark figure next to a tree in the fields outside, standing quietly with black draconic wings behind them, just before the train whisks him out of sight.

Because sometimes they have been left behind.

The door is wrenched open with a bang as Jack practically vaults over the other passengers and rushes out, sprinting down the carriages.

("There was someone with you, helping you from the start. Where is he now?" the woman asks.)

_He's not here,' _Jack realizes with growing horror, frantically searching every compartment he runs past. His eyes scan desperately for auburn hair and emerald eyes and a faceful of freckles, but there isn't anyone there who matches that description.

I came alone...'

A blast of icy wind hits his face as he pulls open the last door in front of him and catches himself on the railings, preventing him from falling off the train. Having reached the end of the line, he finds himself staring at the moving tracks taking him away -

...because I'm already dead.

- away from Hiccup.

In the hands of the person most dear to them.

Jack's hands tighten around the railings in a white-knuckled grip as he collapses to his knees, sobbing uncontrollably for his lover. Heavy tears streak down his face without stopping, and he feels as though there is a gaping hole in his chest. A sharp pain suddenly spikes up from the back of his skull and he gasps, squeezing his eyes shut in agony as images begin to bombard his mind.

Hiccup stood over him protectively, his clawed hands grabbing at the curved blade protruding out of his chest, preventing it from striking Jack's prone body underneath. Pitch snarled behind him and wedged his scythe deeper into the dragon-demon hybrid. Hiccup howled in pain, but still he refused to budge. A blast of golden light slammed into the demon sorcerer from the side and knocked him away, allowing the brunet to extract the blade from his chest. Several arrows were fired in Pitch's direction when he tried to get up.

We can't hold him back much longer!" Merida yelled, reaching for more arrows in her quiver. "Hurry!"

_I'm trying!" Hiccup shot a plasma blast at Pitch, the wound in his chest slowly stitching itself back together. He pulled out the miniature rail gun stowed at his hip, but its barrel hit the ground

as he dropped to one knee, clutching his wounded arm. "Our contract can only connect us so far! The rest is up to Jack -" _

_Black sand exploded across the room like a shock wave, sending Rapunzel and Merida crashing against the wall. Hiccup threw himself over Jack, shielding him with his wings and taking the brunt of the attack. Dazed, the brunet groaned and shook his head, blindly reaching out in search of his gun. _

_"Hiccup, behind you!" Rapunzel screamed just as his hands wrapped around the grip of his weapon. _

_The brunet spun around to see Pitch preparing to swing his scythe, ready to decapitate him. He tried to aim and shoot, but his limbs were too sluggish from exhaustion and injury to react in time, and he could only watch as the blade came down - _

Blue eyes snap open as Jack pants heavily for breath, trying to make sense of his vision. He had been friends with Hiccup ever since he was a child, and the demon had offered to help him look for his sister after she was kidnapped. During their search, there was an incident where Hiccup had nearly died protecting him, so he made a contract with him to save his life. Jack would sacrifice a small piece of his life force every time Hiccup activated his powers, be it to heal himself or transform into his dragon-demon form, and the brunet made sure to use them only when needed so as to avoid shortening his partner's life span unnecessarily.

As a result of their contract, the bond between them grew deeper, connected them so strongly that they could almost communicate with each other without speaking. Jack supposes he shouldn't be surprised that Hiccup can reach him even when he is near death, and if his visions are real, then he knows that his friends are in danger.

Sometimes these hearts remain back on earth.

Taking a deep breath, Jack wipes away his tears and hoists himself up onto the railings, balancing precariously on the balls of his feet. He clenches his jaw in determination as he stares at the rapidly moving tracks, mentally preparing himself for the jump.

"You'll eventually fade away and return here."

Whipping his head back, he sees the hooded woman standing behind him, watching him closely.

"Are you sure you still want to go?" she asks.

Jack smirks in response before throwing his arms out to the side, flinging himself backwards onto the tracks.

As he falls, a strong gust of wind blows the woman's fur hood back and he gasps when he catches sight of a familiar blonde smiling at him. Hiccup had shown him photographs of her once, when Jack had asked about his life before meeting him and his sister. She had been the demon's first and only lover before him, and she was killed by the rest of his pack after they accused him of betraying their cause. Without a doubt, Jack knows that she has been watching over them all this time throughout their journey.

White feathery wings flare out from Astrid's back as she waves him farewell. "Take care of him," she says, and Jack nods in response before closing his eyes, waiting for his back to hit the tracks

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And where the heart goes, the soul follows.

The tip of the rail gun's barrel glowed brightly before discharging directly into Pitch's chest with a loud bang, blasting the demon sorcerer into the opposite wall. His scythe clattered uselessly to the ground, and this time he didn't get up.

Hiccup's eyes were wide with shock as he panted heavily for breath, and he looked down to see two pale hands wrapped firmly around his, one finger resting lightly on the trigger of his weapon. Turning back, he saw Jack sitting up, smiling tearfully at him.

"Hey you," the brunet managed to choke out before his partner threw himself into his arms, hugging him tightly. Hiccup didn't hesitate to return the gesture, and he toppled over to the ground on his back when two more figures slammed into them and piled on top of him, crying happily.

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><p>Author's Note: For those of you who are familiar with the series, you can picture 'normal' Hiccup as HTTYD Hiccup and 'transformed' Hiccup as HTTYD 2 Hiccup (with some Toothless features installed for a nice demonic look). I wish I could draw, but...
sighs

Sorry for the abrupt ending. Thanks for reading!

End
file.